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CENTRE of VISION

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Well may we rejoice that spring is here, for, as Emerson puts it:—

"Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told."

And now we should study outdoor nature, look for color, and use our mediums to the best advantage. From now on

Nature looks and acts her prettiest. Take advantage of the warm weather. R. F., '06.

Before another month is over, the 1905-1906 staff of the CENTRE OF VISION will be elected by the outgoing board. We wish to say here that only those who have character will be on that staff. In running school organizations, the demand now is for those students who can "do things," not for the weaklings who stand by and ape others in criticising, and have no honest opinion of their own. This latter set is the "red flag" of an institution.

Where is the fellow who has ever amounted to anything who has not been criticised for telling the truth and acting independently? The large majority of people refuse to hear the truth until it is forced upon them. This paper stands for something. It has fought for right this year. It has been true to the principles of a free institution, or rather what those principles ought to be. Like humanity in general, it is full of flaws. The sales are now larger than ever. We have backed our ideals.

After the March issue, the Alumni came forward with subscriptions and praise for its independence. It has the moral and educational backing of that body. It stands on its own merits and the character of the staff, as it rightfully should. Next year it promises to be even a greater power than it has been this. We hope it will never have a "faculty censor," for then its independence vanishes.

Let the editor-in-chief of 1906 be assured of your support. He will be free from "clique" backing or "club" backing. Snags will be encountered, but what of that? If the world ran smooth, what need would there be for ambition?

However, as a sacred duty to our alma mater, backed by the overruling power that makes for right, we will endeavor to elect the best fellow for the highest position in the control of the undergraduates.

What clubs should our school have? We want signed opinions to be published in the CENTRE OF VISION for June. We re-

serve the right to reject any opinion that, in our judgment, is detrimental to the school's good.

The year is coming to a close. Is the result of our work satisfactory? Study is our word, work our deed, and success our reward. Our ambitions are high, yet why shouldn't they be reached, at least if effort will attain them? R. F., '06.

We are all working along a similar line of study, and though some appear to be stronger than others, still each of us fills his own little space in this large sphere, so:—

"Up, mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark."

R. F., '06.

We are exceedingly anxious to make the CENTRE OF VISION for June one full of human interest. It will be a souvenir number worthy of the school and the price.

Students leaving school before the June CENTRE OF VISION is published will have it sent to them by leaving their address with Miss Lucy Pew, 1907, or Miss Edith Coggeshall, 1905.

The cover cut is the work of Frank L. Crerie, 1905. It illustrates a poem, by Jeannette Dawson, 1905.

We are happy to see the confidence the undergraduates have in the managers of the "Senior Prom." The limited number of tickets are already over subscribed, and we have names on the waiting list in case some drop out. We are making no ostentatious display of facts. The "Senior Prom" will be in keeping with the high character of the class it represents. Enough said.

Jack

Royal B. Farnum, 1906.

He loved dogs. His friends said he was one of the kind who never enthused over anything, but he really liked dogs. And that's the reason he picked up the muddy little article and critically examined the little paw on which he had just walked.

Not until he had found that no bones were broken did he notice his friend, Bert Wiggin, and a most attractive young lady gazing at him, the one with a rather amusing grin, the other with a most expressive smile of sympathy. Bowing with a somewhat flushed face, he hurried by, only glancing back twice before they turned the next corner. With a sigh and "Where'd he get her?" Rex Frost, or "Dutchie," as every one called him, sauntered off to his room, also vowing mentally that he'd find out next day.

* * * * * *

"Now, Buttsie, who was she?"

"Thrilling rescue! Handsome thoroughbred rescued—— Ouch! Help! Do you want to kill a fellow? That pillow isn't wholly dry from the ducking it had up river yesterday."

"You'll get something worse if you don't shut up. Come, now, I cut an important engagement to come here and find out who she is."

"Well, really, Dutchie, it's none of your——Wow! murder! Yes, yes, I'll be good. She lives out of town. To begin at the beginning, if you must have it, I've known her from so high, and happened to meet her as she was going for her train. Her name is—er—but I'll introduce her to-morrow night at the dance. And that's all you'll get now, so quiet down, old man, and let's talk about the next best thing.

"Did you ever see anything that could match that dog? He's a cross between a burlap bag and a door mat—gr—gr—g—g—r—r!!"

"Now, see here, Buttsie, if you can't talk decent, I'll do something worse than strangle your miserable little wind-pipe. The dog's all right, and, what's more, it belongs to her."

"Oh! Um! does it? Say, Dutch, if you'll keep your hands off, I'll put you wise to something. Just before I put her on the train, she lost sight of the pup, and as it was important to leave

on that 5 o'clock, she asked me to scour the city, inform the police, and write a Lost ad., all for that miserable little—all right, but you know how I love dogs. There's the ad."

Pinned up on the wall was the following advertisement:—

"Lost—a dog, size of two cantelopes knocked together. Same color, with a little red mixed in. Shaggy hair like a mop-rag, curved up nose, rather small. Well-groomed teeth, small, but sharp. Beautiful brown eyes, but Nature evidently thought them not in keeping, for she covered them with shaggy, yellowish-gray eyebrows. Tail a fitting finale to the whole. Answers to the name of 'Jack.' Finder please return to———"

A general scuffle ensued, and when Bert could catch his breath, he exclaimed, "Now she won't speak to me till I either bring back the dog or apologize for what I wrote. But, see here, Dutchie, I can bring her round all right, and if you can find the thing, you'll win her everlasting gratitude, etc., etc."

* * * * * *

The next night Rex met her at the dance, and his highest expectations were realized. As it happened, Bert was to see her home, but because of his rash deed she would have none of it, so Rex had the unexpected pleasure.

Out of common politeness, she had invited him to come and see her, but because of Jack she was nervous and distracted, and not in the best of humor.

"Oh, dear! why can't a fellow be decent to a poor little innocent dog? He's probably out now, shivering with the cold, and most starved. Poor Jack! Oh, won't you hunt for him, please? Mr. Frost, if you don't find him, I'll—I'll never—good night!"

Feeling that he understood her mood, Rex said, "Good night," grinned, and, tipping his hat, started after his car, whistling "Oh! where is my little dog gone?"

And without even a "Thank you," she entered the house, only to fling herself on the couch and sob:—

"Oh! what have I done? Oh, Jack! And he'll never come here again—and I sort of like—and—and—Jack!—Jack!"

* * * * * *

Two days later Rex was strolling through the West End,

pondering over the event of two nights ago, and wondering if she was over it yet. Suddenly along the street dashed a streak of yellow hair, dragging after it two noiseless tin cans.

They all said Dutch could run bases on the team, but he claims he never sprinted before or since the way he legged it after those two cans. Down one alley, up another, he went, knocking over a news stand, a peanut roaster, and butting into a fat policeman to relieve the monotony. Not pausing to investigate the result of his achievements, he dashed on, and would have still been going if Jack hadn't been rudely stopped by getting tangled in some baby carriage wheels.

* * * * * *

It was Sunday afternoon, and she was alone in her room, wondering where Jack could be. If she only knew where his little body was resting, but perhaps it was in the river or some ash-heap, or—no, she really couldn't believe what Bert told her about sausages,—yet he might be. And she wondered if Mr. Frost was hunting for him. But how foolish of her—he had probably forgotten all about her by this time. Oh! why did she send him away without a decent word? Why was she so awfully impulsive?

Just then the bell rang.

"Oh! I didn't expect any one so soon, and I look simply terrible." Nevertheless, she performed the customary fussing before the mirror, and then went to the door.

And there, looking serenely happy, was Rex, and there, with a stunning big red bow on his new collar, was Jack. And for once she overcame her impulse and simply shook hands.

When a Girl's in Love

When a girl is in love, she says:—

Not "I could live — — —

Wood-Engraving

Jean Kimber, 1906

I.

A wood-engraving is a design left in relief on wood by cutting away the background. When this design is inked and stamped on paper, the resulting print is also called a wood-engraving, or wood-cut.

The method first invented and still used in the East has been little modified in other countries. The design, showing every

From an Old Wood-Cut by Albrecht Dürer.

line, was drawn by the artist on thin paper, and transferred to a block of fine-grained wood. This block was then given to a wood-engraver, who carefully incised around all the lines of the drawing and dug out the intervening spaces. His work was merely that of a skilful craftsman. The modern method, where the artist frequently makes only a sketch, leaves much more to the judgment of the cutter, and men of artistic ability, as well as technical skill, are required.

The art of engraving on many materials, both incised and in relief, was in use among primitive races, and was highly developed by Egyptians, Assyrians, and Greeks. Seals were common, and wooden stamps were used in making inscriptions on bricks, but the idea of printing on paper was not developed until the seventh century. It was an ingenious Chinaman who first smeared ink over a block of wood, and printed. At first he used only Chinese letters, but it was almost as easy to cut a simple picture as one of these complex characters, and wood-cuts were no doubt used to illustrate books very early in the history of printing. The first such print known is in a Buddhist book, dated 1331†, though it shows such skill that it argues long experience in the process.

Soon after its invention, wood-engraving was adopted by the Japanese. The foremost artists made the drawings, and the old prints are distinguished by graceful lines and a decorative use of masses of black, while the color is unsurpassed in delicacy and harmony.

Early European wood-cuts were not designed by such artists, and the prints are crude and lack composition. It was not until the latter part of the fifteenth century that the art made any great development. At that time, Albrecht Durer, realizing that in this way he could reach more people than by painting, made a series of drawings of the Apocalypse which showed great imaginative power and surpassed anything before produced in Europe. This series was soon followed by twelve large cuts depicting "The Passion," one of which we reproduce. "It is highly characteristic of Durer's style, and the original is one of the best of all the wood-engravings which bear his mark. In Durer's designs on wood we see not only more correct drawing and a greater knowledge of composition, but also a much more effective combination of light and shade than are to be found in earlier cuts."*

Following Durer's example, many artists of merit made drawings for wood-engraving. In 1538, shortly after his death, the art reached its highest expression in a series of prints by Hans Holbein, called "The Dance of Death." They picture death in relation to every walk of life with such power that the lesson is not soon forgotten. By using the wood-cut to teach

such a high moral lesson, Holbein acknowledged it to be an important factor in reaching the masses; while the pains taken to make the lines so few and so simple show a complete knowledge of the limitations of his medium—limitations which later artists failed to recognize.

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†"Japanese Wood-engravings," by William Anderson.
*"History of Wood-engraving," by John Jackson.

Art Notes

Lucy D. Taylor, 1905.

President Butler, of Columbia University, has proposed a plan that has met with great favor among many of the leading artists, particularly those of New York. He proposes that the National Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum enter into an alliance with Columbia to promote a great American school of art.

A society has been formed, the Vasori Society, in England. having for its purpose the reproduction of drawings by the old masters. By paying the annual assessment of $5 as a regular subscriber, you are entitled to the reproductions published during the year. The society hope to get out twenty of the works of the old masters this year. They are collotype reproductions. Any movement that has as its object a larger circulation of good reproductions is a laudable undertaking. We know nothing of the permanent value of this process, but the spirit is good, and that is our reason for inserting this note.

"Loudly as the world rings with the praise of Auguste Rodin, the greatest living sculptor, comparatively little is known of his personal life. There are dark chapters in the history of this strange man which have been sealed even to his most intimate friends. That there is no royal road to learning, or, in fact, even to success, has been more than exemplified in the life of the great French master. Rodin began life from the humblest of beginnings. Very little is known of his parents. Indeed, up to his sixteenth year, practically nothing is known of him.

"In those early days—he was born in 1840, and is now in his sixty-fifth year—he was running about the streets of Paris un-

cared for and unkempt—a child of the streets—depending for his livelihood (such as it was) on the charity of the passing stranger. He haunted the studios of the Latin quarter, and was early employed in running errands and doing other useful work for some of the artists who took a passing interest in the boy, in order to 'keep him off the streets.'

"Legend has it that one of the first persons to render any assistance to the artist was a sculptor who employed him to mix clay in his studio. Clandestinely he used to model in clay during the absence of his artist employer; and, though he achieved no success, he still acquired the rudiments of his artistic education.

"Through some circumstance or other—which has never come to light—Rodin lost his position, and found himself, after a year's work in the studio, again on the Paris streets. But the divine inspiration had seized him. In his heart—boyish though it was—he had resolved to become the foremost sculptor of the day.

"Every morning Rodin persuaded one or other of his street companions to pose for him while he modeled them in clay. In the public parks of Paris, in out-of-the-way courts and empty yards, he managed to obtain certain grades of clay which answered his purposes; and many a little figure he modeled direct from life, and out of material nearest at hand.

"After some years of silent, well-nigh heart-breaking work, young Rodin resolved to try to become a permanent member of some French art school, where he could obtain every facility for carrying on his work. Certain materials were essential to him. He had reached the stage in his art career where the evanescent material of the street—out of which the water dried so quickly that none of it would retain the form he had given it—would no longer serve him.

"In his sixteenth year he made a model in clay of one of his street companions. It was a crude piece of work, to be sure, but with it he hoped to win entrance to the Academy of Fine Arts.

"For many weary days and nights Rodin worked at his model, and finally, considering it complete, sent it in. He did

not have long to wait for his answer. In a few days he received notification to come and take his exhibit away. In the most cruel of terms he was informed, 'Your work does not exhibit any evidence of talent.'

"Undaunted, however, by the blow, Rodin resolved to struggle on toward his ideal. He worked silently and incessantly. For months he lived in one of the most miserable quarters of Paris, associating among the very poorest. He had neither the means to pay for art material nor influence to obtain any on credit. Every public examination that was held found Rodin an exhibitor; but always with the same discouraging result. Everything he did was rejected.

"In 1862, when in his twenty-second year, Rodin managed to attract the notice of the best known sculptor of his day, Barye. The great sculptor took much interest in Rodin, and placed at his disposal all the art material he needed. Rodin was not long in taking advantage of the splendid opportunity.

"In his first year with Barye he produced a vast quantity of work, mostly, however, in finishing the productions of his employer. Barye found him industrious and determined. In the following year the opportunity came for Rodin to show what was in him. In a piece of sculpture called 'The Man with the Broken Nose,' he displayed wonderful anatomical skill. All the artistic life of Paris was soon discussing the work. Literally, Rodin awoke to find himself famous.

"From that day to the present his progress has been almost triumphal. It has not been, however, without its bitter experiences. Rodin has twice been commissioned by the French government to do public work—once to make the statue of Victor Hugo, and, more recently, that of Balzac. In both of these works he has met with disappointment, for both were rejected on completion. But nothing has daunted him. He only laughs. Conscious of his own power, he works regardless of the world's opinion."

In the April issue of the International Quarterly is an article by Kenyon Cox, in which he makes a good point about the difference between great drawing and good drawing. The article is upon "Michael Angelo." We quote the following: "His (Michael Angelo's) figures are often faulty in proportion, im-

possible in action, and exaggerated in outline; but every line is full of intelligence, of knowledge, of meaning, and of style; full of art and of the incommunicable, inexplicable something which was in the artist's mind. This is what all great drawing is, and it is a very different thing from good drawing. Any one who understands Michael Angelo's work at all will know what he meant when he said that Titian could not draw, and yet Titian was often more correct in his measurements and proportions than Michael Angelo himself."

The Key to the Paris Salon

A young American artist came to Paris to continue his studies, arriving in the last part of March—five days before the closing of the entries for the coming salon.

The young American then did an audacious thing. He spent one of those days in planning a picture and getting his material together. In the remaining four days he painted the picture. He sent it to the salon. It was accepted, and, to make the experience the more extraordinary, on May 1—"Varnishing Day"—he had the good luck to find it hung on the line.

The case was unusual, the young American having worked on one of those lucky inspirations which cannot be regularly counted with; and the proof is that his rise has since been steady, not by jumps, to the point of third medal by way of honorable mention; and he will probably work some time still before reaching the "Hors Concours" ("Out of Competition") rank already attained by a very decent number of his fellow-Americans.

Also, not to unduly encourage any one, the hero of the story had been in Paris before, where six years previously he had had a portrait accepted in the salon. Eight years earlier, when he himself was but fourteen, he began his artistic career by winning a Chicago newspaper prize for the best amateur drawing of American country life. Within three years he had won an art institute's first prize for drawing from the nude and its medal for highest honors. He came to Paris for the first time, passed the Beaux-Arts School's examinations, got the portrait already men-

[Continued on page 193.]

Life

Frederick W. Ried, 1905.

(Continued from last month.)

Yet he hated to be called a 'quitter,' for you know how much contempt is wrapped up in that word, especially at college. So he kept it up. His sister Gladys and his mother would write, begging, entreating me to stop him from this pernicious habit. I tried,—but in vain.

"I never gambled, although I had plenty of money then. I implored him to stop for his sister's and mother's sakes, if not for his own, but all in vain. His father had died from the effect of 'Reg's' misdoings. You remember, Jean, he roomed with Charlie Owens for three years, and you know Charlie's reputation around the yard. I blame Owens more than 'Reg,' for 'Reg' was weak, and Owens was older, yet his morals, they say, had vanished years before. Well, things went along this way until April. 'Reg' was popular, and had been elected first marshal of Class Day by the 'frat' crowd. He had no money—all gambled away; that accounts for his act.

"'Reg' and I were invited to Miss Vanderwater's 'coming out' party. She loved 'Reg,' and he loved her, and it was gossiped around that the old man was to settle a goodly sum on the pair. He could afford it. He had fleeced enough poor people to endow a college. Well, the party was just disbanding. We all had a bully good time that evening. I had taken 'Reg's' sister Gladys, and everything went smoothly until we were all dressed for home. They had two Pinkerton men there to watch the jewelry on the wealthier guests. Gladys and I were just starting down the steps, when we were suddenly called back. An alarm had sounded that a small diamond brooch had disappeared. We were all searched. You can imagine how I felt when they pulled the brooch out of my Paddock pocket.

"I was game, yet innocent as a baby. They took me away. I resisted. They then took me away from her by force and manacled me. A patrol took me to the station, humiliated in the extreme. I was booked as a common criminal. 'Reg' bailed me out. We went back to the room together, neither he nor I saying a word. On arriving, we both sat down. He looked at me with a downcast, tearful eye, and his head fell over on his hands.

" 'Dick, Dick, I stole that brooch. I did it. I don't know what devilish spirit moved me to do it, but—I—did—I did it, Dick. I'll give myself up. You have suffered enough for a poor, worthless chap like me. For God's sake, Dick, say you'll forgive me.'

"I was so nervous I laughed at him. I pictured Gladys the night before as she watched me being handcuffed. Oh, ye gods, Jean, it was terrible.

" 'Reg' started at my laughing. He shouted and raved like a crazy man, as he tore his hair and rushed around.

" 'I will suffer disgrace, humiliation, prison, everlasting mental torture, anything, but, Dick, it's you that makes me feel the worst. Say you'll forgive me. For God's sake, say it.'

"I looked him squarely in the eye. ' "Reg," stay here. Sit down!' I commanded him now. 'I am going to take this blame. Do you understand me?' Jean, I couldn't let him do it. 'You will kill your mother and Gladys, and, besides, lose Miss Vanderwater. "Reg," listen. My folks are dead. I have no one who really cares. You must let me bear this.' He protested wildly, but in vain.

"Well, Jean, I have been in Sing-Sing six months, and out six days. The World, Journal, and Tribune have blasted my hopes for the future. They hounded me and everlastingly persecuted me. 'Reg' died while I was in prison. I was still innocent. I loved Gladys, and she loved 'Reg.' I did my duty as I saw it then. 'Reg' had so much before him I couldn't see it shattered. I've been rich, poor, and in disgrace. I can stand the two former things, but disgrace! Oh, God! You believe me, don't you, Jean?"

"I most certainly do, and I'll fight to have you vindicated. Dick, I'm rich. I never forgot how you helped me when the 'Sophs' were hazing us. I verily believe they'd have killed me but for your timely intervention. And——"

A head drooped. The massive frame of a once healthy and popular athlete seemed to collapse in a heap on the floor.

"Dick! Dick! Answer me, Dick!" and Jean Clairmont knelt at the side of the prostrate body.

"Oh! I'm going! Tell Gladys, Jean, for my sake, and for 'Reg.' Tell Gladys—did you hear, Je—an—tell Gla——"

The voice grew fainter till it came no more, and as the Christmas eve chimes pealed forth their errand of peace and happiness, the last faint sounds from Dick Chadwick's lips barely came in audible tones. "Tell Gladys and—m—o—ther. I see her now. Goodbye."

There was but one place that Dick Chadwick could have visited to meet his mother. He deserved it.

The Modern Girl

"I do not care to mention this girl's name, but this is what she said, having given me her social history since her first season: 'Oh, I am so delighted to get an evening at home. Monday night I went to a card party with Mr. Hare, such a charming young man, Mr. Hare is. Tuesday I went with Mr. Brown to see Mansfield—we had such lovely seats! Wednesday evening I went with Mr. Joans to see "Camille." Do you know, I adore Nethersole? Thursday night I went to the Music Hall with Mr. Adams. Friday night I went driving with Mr. Towne. I do love horses; this one was a perfect dear, and to-night I'm dead tired, simply de-ead tired. I hope you haven't found me stupid?' I came to life in time to say, 'No, not particularly,' for I had mentally retired while she was reminiscing. This seemed to irritate her, and she suggested that I tell her good night. I did, and one or two other things, as well."

Paris Next

The great Whistler exhibition in London was closed April 15, after a run of fifty-two days, during which more than 60,000 visitors paid a shilling each for admission, and there were 20,000 catalogues sold at a shilling apiece. Notwithstanding this, the receipts will probably only cover expenses. Numerous works, including pictures lent by Americans, and the etchings owned by the king, go over to the Whistler exhibition which is to be opened in Paris on the first or second Monday in May. The corporation of Glasgow refused to lend the Carlyle portrait for Paris. In view of the fact that the French government lent the portrait of Whistler's mother to the London show, the action of the Glasgow people is considered ungracious.

"Pictures"

Jeannette A. Dawson, 1905

I have a little room at home
That is my very own;
I like to sit and count my toys
When I am there alone.

There's Towser, and old Dinah, too;
My fire engines are fine!
And then my darling picture books
Stand waiting in a line.

When I am tired of all the toys,
And don't know what to do,
I climb upon my window-seat
And look the pictures through.

And when I ride upon the train,
My mother lets me look
Out of the window at the world:
It's like my picture book!

I see the nicest pictures in
The big car windows square!
A pretty field and trees,—sometimes
A busy street is there.

My mother likes the pictures, too,
I tell her all I see;
It's nice there are so many things
For little boys like me!

The Key to the Paris Salon

[Continued from page 188.]

tioned received in the salon, was taken back to America as teacher in a great school of fine arts, won the Chandler $5,000 scholarship; and it was on this scholarship that he had arrived in Paris in that latter part of March, five days before the closing of the entries for the salon.

You see, there was not such a sudden jump. Nor would you call it luck or favoritism. I can tell you a story of favoritism. A young American was working in the Beaux-Arts School under Gerome. He imagined he was not getting on fast enough, so he also entered the Julien Academy under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant, working in the two alternately.

Well, after one week's work in the Julien Academy, he won its medal for portrait painting; and the successful effort was hung in the atelier. Now for the favoritism. The portrait attracted the attention of Besnard, who asked to see more of the young American's work. It so pleased him that, in the following May, he invited him to assist him in the mural decoration of a church at Berck, an undertaking comprising forty pieces. Do you imagine that in anything where Besnard has the say that young American will lack his influence?

As every art student in the colony will tell you, the secret for getting into the salon—and for staying in it—is simply thus to gain the favor of certain great Paris painters or sculptors, as the case may be. Last year nearly 100 of our Americans acquired it; and its final gesture is a very curious one—they lift their canes on high.

Now for the men whose beneficent gesture is to lift their canes—whose good opinion gets the young American into the salon.

These are the men who raise their canes, whose admiration means favor, whose favor means world-success for the young painter. They pass, businesslike and prompt, with their overcoats and hats on, with cigars and cigarettes between their lips—the only persons who dare smoke inside the sacred precincts.

The group stops before a canvas. Every member of it glances at the work at the same moment—that is how they can decide their minds so quickly. There is a moment of silence.

Look in the air above their heads. How many canes are

up? Two canes and one upstretched arm—that of a juryman who has no cane. Three votes? Is that all? Perhaps those three jurymen glance appealingly at other jurymen. Perhaps another cane goes up, and then another, then another, until—the thing has been known to happen—a majority of all the twenty votes to let the picture in.

Before other canvases the canes go up as if by one accord. There is no doubt about some paintings, even paintings sent by new beginners.

Then before others not a single cane is lifted! Again it may be said there is no doubt possible—there are efforts that are really too bad.

This is the first rough sorting. By article 4 of chapter 5 of the by-laws of the society, the jury of admission has the right to admit each year 1,100 paintings, in addition to those presented by right by artists who are "Hors Concours." When the jury finds it has allowed its enthusiasms—and indulgence—lift its canes before a greater number than 1,100, it must simply go back on its track and throw out the surplus!

As to the value of "getting into the salon," there is no estimating it. It makes the young painter's reputation over all the world. Right here in Paris, at the Students' Art Club, I saw an example of it. A young fellow had painted a very pretty landscape. He had intended to send it to the salon; but, being hard up, he consented to sell it to an American tourist lady for the wretched price of $50.

The tourist lady at the last moment proved herself too grasping. She showed the $50—250 francs—it looks a lot in French—ten franc gold pieces. And she insisted he should "throw in" three small studies. The young fellow's stomach turned, and he refused. He sent the landscape to the salon, where it was accepted. And he sold it, while it still hung in the salon, for the price of $200—without the little studies thrown in!—Transcript.

A French and Potter Statue

French and Potter's model for the equestrian statue of General Charles G. Devens, which is to be erected in Worcester, at a cost of $30,000, is approaching completion in the sculptors' studio. The monument is to be located on the terrace in front of the Worcester county court house.

Alumni Notes

J. Winthrop Andrews, 104 Grape St., Chicopee, Mass.

The returning to the old home, the meeting of past acquaintances, the talking over of old times,—these are ever pleasant occasions, which are particularly New England in spirit and will never die out. It was this feeling which was expressed by the members of the Massachusetts Normal Art School Alumni Association when they gathered together on May 3 for the seventeenth annual reunion and dinner.

In so many ways this meeting was a notable success. To begin with, the weather was inviting, the hotel central, and the date convenient. The happiness and cordial greetings seen at the informal reception showed the enthusiasm of those present.

A large room, with many mirrors and rich hangings to reflect and set off the charms of the occasion, served as the banquet hall. There was one large table in the centre for the guests of honor, and on each side, as guardians, were arranged small, round tables.

There was no misunderstanding among the gentlemen, as the committee assigned them their seats and their partners. At each plate was a menu, which did great credit to those who had charge of the arrangements and to the Hotel Thorndike. There was also a printed copy of the By-Laws of the association.

Having all the tastes of the human palate satisfied (during which time the representatives of '05 showed their enthusiasm by cheering the faculty), the reports of the association were read by the secretary and treasurer, Miss Ellen F. O'Connor. Free from debt is surely a sign of a healthy organization, while the remarkable growth of members during the year made all feel very happy.

The president, Walter Sargent, in an extremely happy manner introduced the speakers of the evening.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, who always shows a hearty interest in the welfare of the Normal Art School, spoke in her pleasant way of the high ideals which were still being kept up. As a kindly word of advice, she said, "Don't pat." But she said the fault was never found among the Normal Art students.

George H. Bartlett, the principal of the school, told how the cap and gown question had again arisen, and stated the facts which make it impossible for the school to aspire to them.

The next speaker, George Jepson, gave keen enjoyment by his ever-ready trite remarks.

Frederick W. Ried, president of the graduating class, spoke in its behalf; also for the work of the CENTRE OF VISION, which has recently been spoken of in such kindly terms by Mr. Bailey in the School Arts Book. Mr. Ried was clear and to the point, and showed by his remarks the aim of the class of '05.

"In 1889," said Mr. Munsell, who was the guest of the evening, "there were 120 present at the alumni dinner." Since then the numbers have gradually grown less, so that the eighty who were present this year showed the star to be again rising. He thought that its new ascendency was due to the present committee, the members of which cared more for the association than for the position.

We all thought, naturally, that color and color schemes would be the subject which would hold us the rest of the evening, but we were mistaken. For in a few moments we were in Paris listening to speeches given in honor of Buffet, a young student who had carried off one of the prizes for painting, and whom the student body honored with a triumph. How the two or three hundred students marched in a grand procession through the streets, with the young fellow on their shoulders, to a cafe, when those wonderful French speeches were made in his honor.

Next we were taken into a studio where a young "Nouveau" had accidentally upset the easel and palette of an "Ancien," and a duel was arranged on the spot. The vivid picture of the fine anatomy of the young man, his lamblike demeanor, on the one side, and the mock seriousness of the student body on the other; the stirring speech of the accused against his tormentors; the onslaught with the brushes filled with Prussian blue, chrome yellow, and vermilion, which left a lightening path down both sides of the body of the young man; the resort to the soft soap and water, some of which was allowed to continue its path downward,—all these incidents, told as only Mr. Munsell can tell them, kept all keyed to the highest pitch, from which they were quietly let down by a story of an old man who had worked the greater part of his life earning enough money to study art. He was always in his place, and never created much enthusiasm, so

that he became unnoticed. But one day his place was empty, and so was it the next day. The third day it was whispered that he was dead. So from out of the ever-ready student's brain flashed the idea of a funeral. The best and cleanest paint box (his) was taken down from its place, and candles placed about it. Words in memory and in honor of the deceased were spoken. Prayers were said, and then the funeral procession passed around the studio to a pile of old paint cloths and smocks, where the body was committed to the ground. With bowed heads, they returned to their work. The next day the old man was again in his accustomed place.

In conclusion, Mr. Munsell said that the keynote of the French student life was "love of fun, love of liberty, and love of love."

Uncle Martin on "Exams"

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts like these: "Gee whiz! Here's a notice of another exam. Now I can see my finish, sure. Somebody catch me, I feel faint."

Ah, examination! That awful word! What a multitude of thoughts it brings to our minds, and how few of them are agreeable ones!

The notice has a widely varied meaning to the different people who read it. The member of class 1, which constitutes the great majority, sighs, "Thunder! That means cram for me all right. I don't know the first thing about the subject, and I haven't got half my notes. I wonder whose I can borrow over Monday."

This immediately introduces the second class, the one that has notes to lend. And this class ought really to be sub-divided into three other classes. There are those who some time before have managed to get their notes written up a long way ahead, who have therefore been paying little attention to lectures, and who consequently must now pore over the notes in a desperate attempt to recollect their meaning.

Then there are those who, by some providential inspiration, instinct of impending danger, or whatever you're a mind to call it, have recently reviewed that very subject, and who therefore are fairly bubbling over with the principles embodied in it.

For the third sub-division we will take a class which, sad I am to say it, are in a deplorable minority. It consists of those students who have so often been designated as the "serious students." They have inculcated, among their other virtues, that habit of method in all things which finds them constantly up to date and prepared for whatever may come.

Then, of the three principal classes, there is left one which we must admit does exist. It is composed of the happy-go-lucky element, who know something about the subject through inadvertently overhearing a few portions of lectures, or by some similar accident, and who trust to luck and judicious "bluffing" to pull them through.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us."

I'll admit that the introspection would not, in many cases, be a pleasant one, but it would certainly be a beneficial experience.

It is the student who is constantly undergoing a self-examination who is found ready when the time comes for an examination by others.

Then, too, there are few who realize, what is, nevertheless, a fact, that we are constantly under examination by our schoolmates, friends, acquaintances, and strangers, who are all the time forming a mental estimate of our worth and character by whatever signs of it come most prominently under their observation.

Let us, too, remember that most rigid, though, at the same time, loving examination being continuously carried on by our Creator.

I might go ahead and preach a regular sermon on examinations, but if I did I should be sure to switch off the track and get on to "Honor in Taking an Exam.," "The Disadvantage of a Nervous Temperament," "The Need of Sound Sense in Examiners," and subjects like that, and you know that would take up too much space.

So now, my dear nephews and nieces, take your uncle's advice, and all join the class of the "always ready," then examination will lose its dread, and that mournful couplet will have no meaning, which says:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'I've flunked again.'"

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